

down on the casket, the pall-bearers took up their burden of love and followed to the church. The scene in that place of worship was heartrending. And I knew as I sat down with the family in front of those twelve silent caskets that other scenes, equally as sad, were being enacted in every other church in Calumet.

When the last casket had been borne out into the cold day and the last mourner had been placed in back, the funeral procession, two miles long, commenced to move toward the cemetery.

It is a terrible sensation to ride with the bereaved behind 72 dead beings.

All through the streets of Calumet we moved while the church bells

tolled the death knell, and thousands and thousands of people lined our way.

After the long heartbreaking line of corpses came the mourners. And after them a great host of marching men, women and children who braved intense cold to walk nearly two miles to the cemetery.

"The people, the people. How many of them!" said Mrs. Joqipii, as she lifted her veil, once, during the long journey.

That was all she knew of the great outside world until we reached the cemetery, where hearses and hacks and people stood crowded together on every available spot.

There were no services at the graves. Uno Jokipii was buried as all

BURYING BABY-VICTIMS OF CALUMET CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY



A Funeral Procession in Calumet. This One, of Sunday, Was Two Miles Long and Thousands Lined Its Way to the Cemetery.